

Fall 1980

The Carroll Quarterly, Fall 1980

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CARROLL QUARTERLY

FALL 1980

FOR A FRIEND

I have seen elk on Autumn mornings
like this one.
And tasted snowflakes
Falling in fields without frost.
Chewing the red, swollen fruit
Of rains in Summer, I have set my jaw
And waited,
Not knowing when to begin searching
for hyacinths.
I have no light for the dark places
In bodegas, or bedrooms or smoke-filled galleries of the soul.
My grip quivers in the cold
Of crowds and couples.
An empty palm,
All I can offer
Is a wish:
That we might see birds
In winter.



KATE POLITE

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SPIRITS OF KINZUA

rain drove into the forest night
maple, cherry, birch flavored the waters
made them sweet

through the next day the woods were filled
with clear, sweet, running streams

when night returned with silence
the thunder of the rushing spirits of kinzua
shivered and spread down to the waters of the moon
into the wild haunts of the loon

their round eyes dance in the cattails
as the autumn is over them

GOING FOR MY CAMERA

Way away in the mountains of Pa. we were
me and music-man Lenny on our haunches tending pork roast
and feeding the fire

dreaming into the orange flames
while all around the night

cold white stars staring down through the trees
like the eyes of no one I know

Off in the land of epiphany to get drunk on Indian summer
wanting only to be warm and simple away safe from the

harsh chords of the city

We shared a joint and I was in wonder by the

orange flames and I wanted to catch the beauty of

music-man Lenny and the prize roast and the flames of our
big night under the white stars you never see in the city

So back to the car I went for my camera

It was a long way and my flashlight cut into
the trees and the flames disappeared and I could no longer see

Lenny's little head bobbing bright in the light

and then I was in the hulk of the mountains

grabbing at branches

stumbling

hoping this was the right way because

suddenly the trees were very big and had eyes

and I was very small like the little plastic army men I used to smash

I jumped when I found the gravel road



and the long run was easy when you know the way and see the car
But now how do I get back?
The camera around my neck struck my chest
struck my chest
as I slid back down on the cold leaves into the forest
my weak beam watching for bolders
my eyes into the black walls
hoping to catch the fire and Lenny's head bobbing bright in the light
The flashlight meant nothing
and now that buzz I had heard only faintly back there
on the gravel road
roared in the wind
in every leaf the buzz the buzz
the enormous sound of the mountains
you never hear safe in the fast music of the city
enormous and hulking buzzing
roaring enough to make me think it would end here
and I would never see Lenny again
U.F.O.'s hovered over the trees
I was in the black hole of the cosmological eye
swallowed into something I never knew
sucked into the cold white eyes of a million-million stars
and I was ready to admit death among the wet leaves
and then through the trees I saw the little head
bobbing by the flames and all I could do was laugh because
the stars were almost friendly
in the music of Lenny's face

PASSAGE

Well, my friend,
where have you let yourself go to now?
what rooms have you taken,
and where have they taken you?
has solace filled your dawn
while the light glazed your eyes,
or did you view a woman's form,
at rest for your conquering?
do you still sit amongst your tomes,
hoping for martyrdom and veneration?

what would you say
if you knew that tonight
I unwrapped the innocence you'd left behind
and found it pathetic in its hope?
let me touch you through the empty arc of sky,
avoiding clouds and soliciting the speed of time,
I'll find you in an unlit room
in whose window your face awaits,
staring holes into the night
and evoking darkness.

LEAVES TURN IN AUTUMN

W. WHITCRAFT

It was raining. Thick drapes hid the windows in dim light, but the sound of a steady drizzle penetrated their bedroom. He smoked. His left arm lay crooked against the headboard. Her head rested on the sheet beside him.

"You know, Bill's having an affair," he said, watching the smoke curl upward.

"Really?" She murmured.

"Yeah. I saw him with her downtown a couple days ago."

"Hrm. I didn't know he was unhappy at home."

"He's talked to me a couple of times. Charlotte really hasn't shown enough of an interest in him. Some women don't really appreciate their husbands."

"And so now he's found another woman."

"Well, she's not breaking up their marriage."

"I didn't think so." She looked away as she said it.

"But he wouldn't be there, downtown with her if Charlotte was more--affectionate."

"Charlotte is very direct."

"That's part of it." He put the cigarette butt in the ash tray on the table beside the bed. "She doesn't like sex too much from what he's told me."

"Hm."

"You know, she's always making up excuses. I think he just got tired of the whole business."

"They have four kids."

"That doesn't mean anything. He still loves the kids."

"She's never said anything against him to me."

He lay back. She watched the candlelight on the ceiling. The sound of raindrops against the pane permeated the semi-darkness and added to her sense of saturation.

"Maybe she wasn't satisfied," she said quietly.

He didn't speak for a long time.

"Bill's a pretty sensitive guy. If she told him..." he said finally.

"What can she say? It might be there's not much to say."

"I don't understand."

"It might be she's not full. Not that he's not doing his share. Making his moves."

"She might be faking it."

"A woman can do anything under those circumstances."

"Then how would he know she wasn't satisfied?"

"She might not even realize it--fully."

"Then she's not unhappy. I mean with his love-making."

"She might not be unhappy--she might just be doing other things."

"Other things?"

"She might be painting pictures."

"While they're making love!?"

"It could be like being the brush and the canvas--the texture of the colors embedded in the movements. The hardness-softness beneath the flesh transforming the darkness into chalk impressions."

She might do that."

"Well is she unhappy with that? With that fantasy?"

"It might not be her fantasy."

He shifted his shoulders around. "Well, Bill's not too happy, I know that. And if Charlotte can't tell him what it is that makes her unhappy--well, I can understand him going to someone else."

"I think Charlotte knows."

"She knows he's having an affair? Has she said anything?"

"She doesn't have to. A person can tell. She would know. It's a matter of shades. The pictures are everything to the appreciator. Even the artist isn't aware of some things."

"You think he makes love differently and that's how she knows?"

"I think she's spent ten years accepting him, the object of his caresses. I think she's been painted into so many pictures, she knows the formula."

"That's her fantasy, not some appreciative joint experience. Bill's not happy. He told me. They don't have good sex. She uses that fantasy bull to escape."

"From what?"

"From sex."

"She's frigid?"

"Yes."

She lay still. The wrinkles of the mattress pad described ridges against her spine.

"He said she's frigid?"

"Yes."

"Then he doesn't know what she's doing when they make love."

"He told me she's distant. She doesn't participate."

"He wants more movement?"

"He wants her there, enjoying it with him."

"She doesn't enjoy it? She has the enjoyment of visual sensations through tactile stimulation. It's total for her."

"That's bull. She lies there and thinks of other things."

"She appreciates his motions, his smell. She takes it all in and it translates into visions of colors, lines, spheres, obelisks."

He lit another cigarette. "Women depend entirely too much on romantic love."

"She doesn't want flowers."

"No? She's cut him out entirely. Anything he does, she just takes it passively. He probably wouldn't be seeing this other woman--if she could just be more attentive to his needs. Instead of just watching."

"She's too attentive already."

"Well, I don't mean be the passive dishrag--I mean be actively attentive."

"She's too good at appreciating. It's critic-burn-out syndrome. She sees too many distinctions to know when to enter into the creation of the piece."

"This won't destroy their marriage, though. He has too much integrity to leave her."

"When there's nothing there to absorb, when the canvas goes blank, she'll blame herself for missing the subtle movements."

"So, it's really not so bad, his doing this. Having this affair. It could bring something good into their relationship."

"All the time she thought you were just supposed to be there--watch the colors--inhale--think of desert beaches."

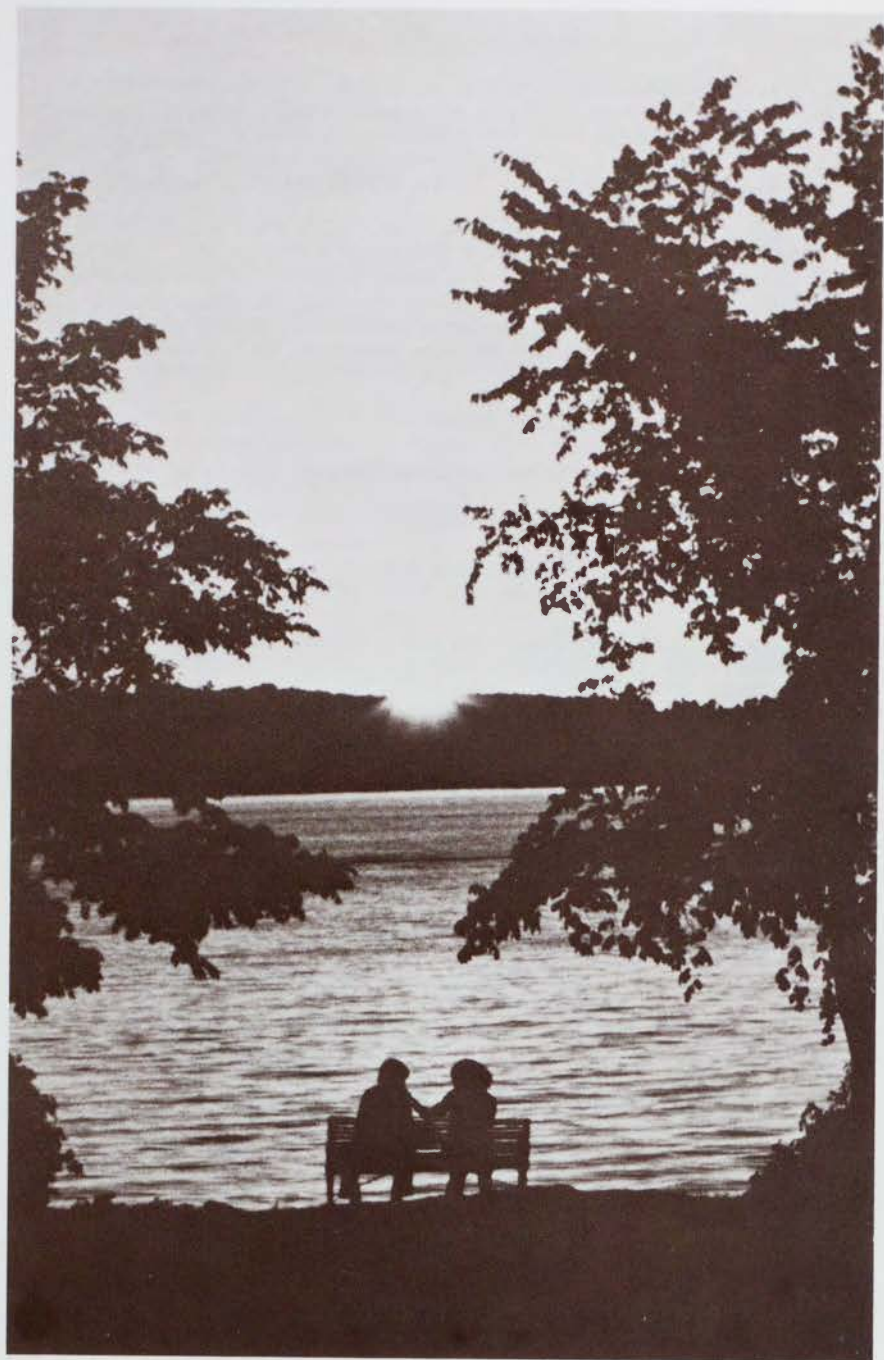
"I think everything will probably turn out well."

"This other woman Bill's seeing--she was married once?"

"Uh. I think so, yeah. But she's divorced. Been divorced for quite awhile."

"Yeah. Everything will probably turn out fine."

She rolled over and blew the candle out. He finished his cigarette and smiled quietly in the dark.



FACTS OF LIFE

She sits with a book in her Danish chair
sits with an open window, the rustle
of leaves from the apple tree.
It shades the room where she sits
in her chair reading.
In reach is a Swedish table
with coffee cup and cigarettes
and many magazines. And there
she sits in the afternoons
where at last all is as it should be.
Where she has fallen asleep.

He is stretched full length on the old green sofa.
Is wearing comfortable clothes.
Over the wall speakers an Eastern voice says,
"this performance of the Philadelphia Symphony
now concludes with..." but he is asleep too
as the violins begin and this
is the afternoon concert:
the sound of their breathing,
the wind in the apple tree,
the lift from a dying cigarette.
He is 72 now,
she is 71.

PARABLE OF AUTUMN

"I spent four years seeking the truth
until, one day, the elders fixed my eye
upon the absolute fire of the sky."

"God is process," another declared,
"by which he burns and thrives
through the alchemy of our lives."

And a third averred
"It's to attain a higher plane
and to unwind ourselves
from the wheel of birth and death
that we've breath."

In the autumn frost outside
a girl with lynx eye
seizes the sun in her veins,
bares her sinew of light and blood
to the beloved soil

and an old man drunk with dawn,
splayed in pools of November gold,
tilts with trees and the wind.



Letter To A Writer

I see you, swimmer
of the ripp-tides of dark,
you arch your nacre stroke
to come upon the beach, at last,
the beach of body, Oh sensuous Platonist
of remembrance,
in which you tongue the radical limit of death,
the torque of life,
the ambiguous sacrament
of the actual and the empyrean,
back into the dark cove
of lost mother,
the mouthing of our origins,
our gardens and our sleep,
cradle of our destruction
and our illusion,
nurse of our wounds
by her breasts;
Oh do we all
as lecherous, needing infants
seek out that soft island
in our thrashing plains of night
but shall we realize
in our urgent stroke
that our life is not in her but in us;
in our awful limit,
the door to birth:
despite our "sickness unto death,"
despite the wound driven past the membrane
of our souls,
so that we are always Jacob
upon the plains of Phanuel,
limping from our wrestling

with our ghosts;
despite the horror of nothing
and our hound's awful howl of fright,
do we stroke no longer
to the beach of our illusion
but walk upright in our limpid state
and, in this acceptance
and calm will to foster life
in whatever face, whatever flower,
whatever night,
the knife to skewer our intent,
can we still whirl our deplorable sling,
though lightly loaded
by our ragged flesh
against Himalayan possibilities.
But all of this, I know,
has the radiance
of cadenced inflation,
yet let us take all mythologies
as our diet,
all phenomena, meat
ingested to our blood
and excrete the rest.
Because of weariness, now, dear man,
let me end
in remembrance of a speaker
of a Jewish myth
that gives the reasoned resolution of my thought,
"Blessed is the man that labors
and is content
for his life shall be made sweet."
(In our labor is our love
and in our love, our life.
This is our redemption.
Despite whatever, all.)
This I wish for you and yours
for all your days and nights.



VESPERS

The mountains grow dark;
I walk toward their darkness.
The trails are cold, but at night,
I find a quiet warmth in the stillness.
A cyclone gathers somewhere
At my back; before me,
Gentle virgas whisk.
Many fruits are ripe now,
But some fall among icy leaves.
In the valley, the brook passes me
With its winter quick rush.
My friends whom I have left
Still fear the white danger of
Rain lightning or desert suns.
Oh, that they could touch the stillness
Of the cool water in my hands.
Away from them, I fulfill all
Expectations friends have of me.

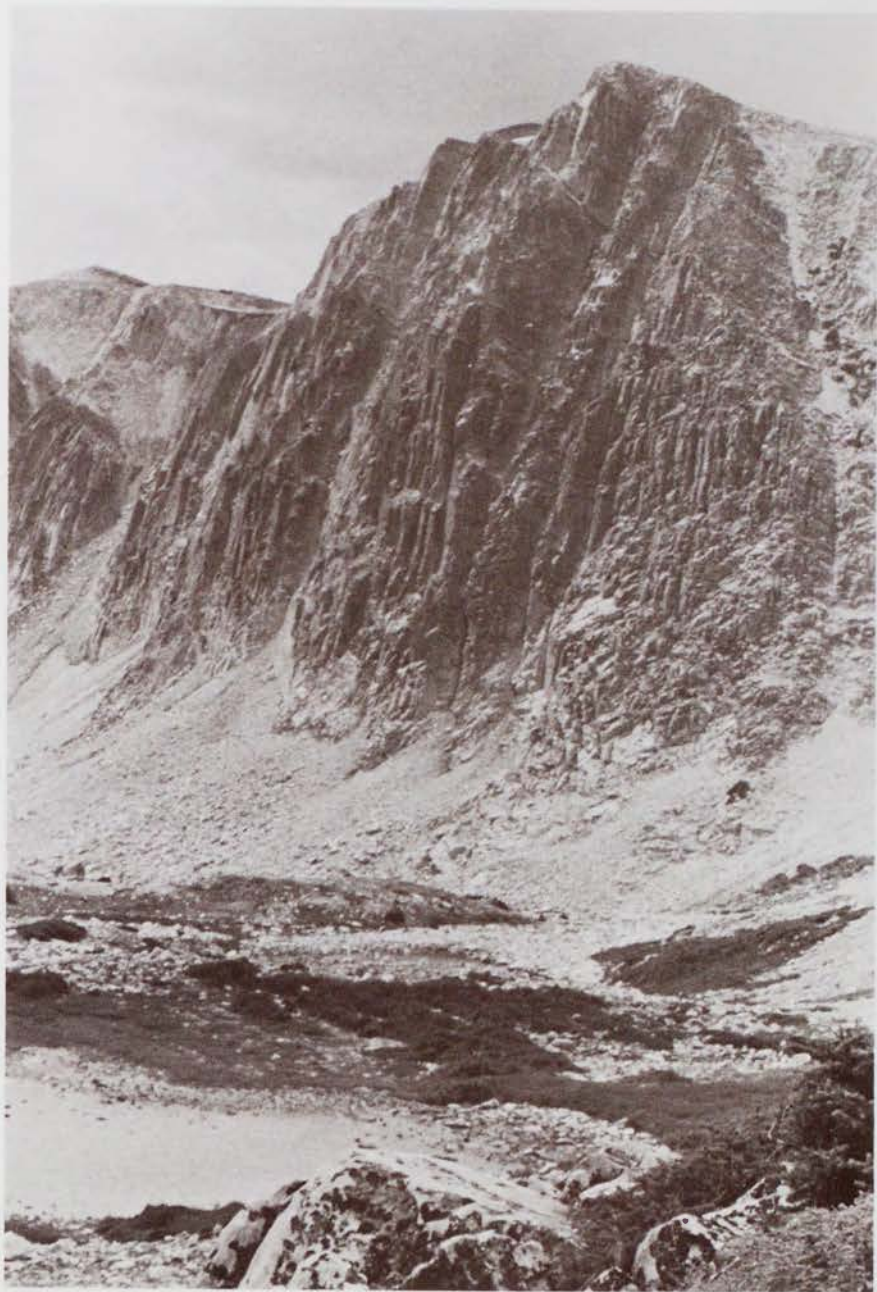
The mountains are dark;
I walk in their blackness.

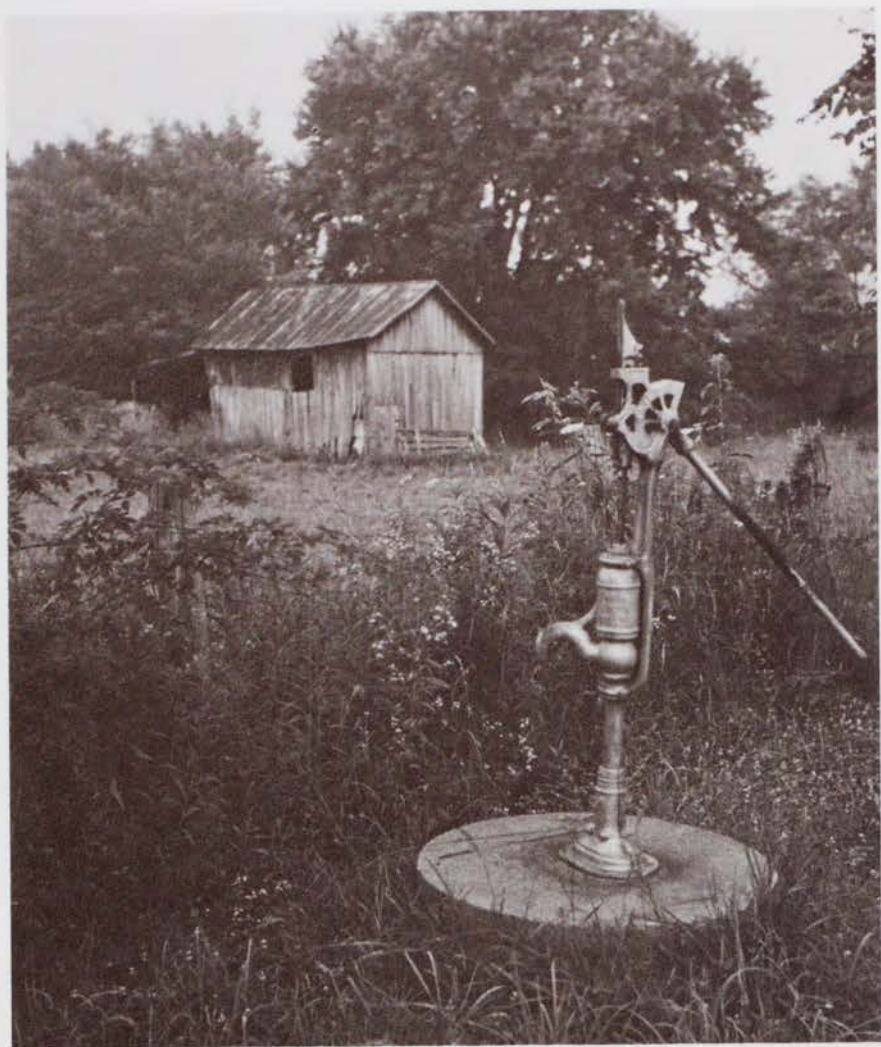
ARIZONA DRY WASH

Yesterday, endless days of walking
desert stones and orange sands ended.
When the blisters on my naked feet broke,
I sat and watched the bright seed of day
Carefully replant itself in the scorched red earth;
the spirit of the valley
began to sing for the morning blossom.
The dew and the green blades surrounding me
made love in their secret darkness.
Near the dying fire, one tiny cereus flower shone
like a single star next to a full moon.
Tired, entranced in a new silence, I slept.

All night the spirit of the valley caressed my
dreams with a sweet flowing voice.
Before dawn, when the dew fled her green lover,
I heard for the first time the splash
Of thawed snow plunging down from red mountains.
Fresh winds bent the little trees on each bank.
I remembered my dreams; they were full of songs:
the pulsing chirr of grasshoppers,
the ascending yack of hawks,
the sullen purr of a cougar,
echoes of baying coyotes.

Alone, in the crevice of two cleansed rocks,
a red rain spider dripped before me,
Stranded in the growing sun. I shivered, wet
from the dark rains
but rinsed by invisible waves of heat.
As I tasted some purple, young berries I had gathered,
I thanked the spirit I had not slept in the empty wash.





WAITING FOR THE HARVESTER

I am common as corn
brittle, beige, heavy
with ripe ears--
some golden, others puffing
dried smut in the November chill.

In my dreams you
come back to me, stalking the fields,
grinning in coveralls,
as if you might carry me
to the loft and stroke
my brown silk hair.

Instead you wield your hidden sickle
and strike--become again a
telephone voice
hundreds of hills from here
that speaks of a beauty (as
silver and shiny as
city windows)
whose eyes glean yours in the night.

So I wake to the ground,
rooted upon rows upon rows
of muted husks
and wait for a harvester's hands
or the crows
to find the seeds.

THE APPLE MAN

Always in September
When the leaves mime the spectrum
And sift themselves to color dust

The apple man
Ladder-worm in knees
And riper at the temples than last night's moon,
Sets his bushel on a stoop.

Fists full of a faith he's shaped
To round metaphors,
He taps a bell with one bulged knuckle
And fully looks a man who neither doubts nor asks.
No metaphysic here. And no salesmanship.
Of philosophy and apples
He merely KNOWS.

If we wished he brought them in a wooden cart
Or wagon drawn by sulky dray,
His ageless eye reminds
The antique ritual of fruit is more divine
Than any human fantasy of mythic days.

Older than orchards,
The apple man lives the cricket line
That carries summer into frost.
An architect who unbuilds trees,
He comes but once a year;
You will see him sometimes
On his knees before a bushel of his fruit.

He praises them even by the way his hands
Fold them gently to a woman's lap
Or pile them, steeple-wise, in a child's crossed arms
Or raise them, host-like, to the sun.
And sometimes when he speaks,
His gaze lingers so long on the glint in one
That for the while the universe tilts and whirls
Around this single shaft of light.

Not one who knows his harvest look
Does not look after him
Long after the leaves are gone
And white is the only color
Left.

THE BLACK ROOSTER

The black rooster, while in heat once a year,
is wholly oblivious to his surroundings and may,
therefore, be easily captured.

--Slovenian folklore

What sport is it requires the man to know
That heat in season comes but once, unwilling.
That gift is blind and single at a stroke.
That crown displays the cock upon the walk.

His the glory given to satisfy the quick.
The lame, the blind to listen and feel right.
Though groping, limping, hoping many ways
May not produce a victory, it is plain:

The cock upon the walk is every dream,
That something lone and gold with life
Which preens our own. We long for it.

We look, and face to face, it is ourselves
We trace. We track him down. Our envy drives
The gun. We would not have him gain on life.
We wait and wait and think how cleverly

We'll strike the creature down; how we'll acquire
The skills hens need never learn.
That trumpet God would tempt the hunter king.
That makes us stalk and stalk in all our cage.

O rooster, black as space and sure as fire,
Your mate comes and comes and comes as close
As sportsmen murder their most hungry need.

DIE STIMME (THE VOICE)

BILL JARRETT

He was on a German train to a Danish city. These railroads were the best ones, he had heard. In the north they were proud of their punctuality and the American looked forward to traveling through the cold so easily. All that lay ahead of him, he thought, as he settled himself for the ride.

While the train pulled out of Lubeck, a young lady bent forward in the hallway to read the numbers above the seats. She smiled to herself, slid open the clear glass door of the compartment, and took a place across from the American.

There was a natural attraction. The age, he thought at first, and the brilliant blonde hair cut unevenly at her shoulders. She was just a bit wide, heavy where she rested. He sighed inwardly, the minor imperfection making her more approachable.

Together they pulled smiles to their faces, as though they were acquaintances shaking hands. They were firm smiles.

"Do you travel to Copenhagen?"

They always know Americans, he thought. "Yes, to hear some music."

"A good city. I like her very good."

This time he heard the voice, but not the words. It was soft, yet strong. The voice was bright and full of emotion, though her tender knowledge of his native language put emphasis in surprising places.

"Are you from Denmark?"

She produced a red passport from the leather change purse around her neck.

"Nein, aus der Schweiz."

He laughed with pleasure at how beautiful her own language sounded. "I was just in Switzerland last month. Geneva."

"I am of Zurich. I am university-student there. It is a lovely city in the Schweiz. But you have found Geneva good?"

The American was anxious to join with the girl in conversation. Though he had been content to travel alone, he was excited to discover such a new source of delight in another person. She produced an enticing sensation for his ears, with a voice more pure than any he had heard before.

"I enjoyed Geneva immensely. The old part was fascinating, and the people were so friendly."

"You can speak French then?"

"No, only English." He wanted to add something, as if to explain his deficiency.

The Swiss girl nodded politely and turned toward the window. Beyond the tracks was the rough blue Baltic. A fishing boat bounced over an enormous wave, landing no further ahead. The next wave almost toppled it.

"I've tried to learn some German along the way." He wanted to draw her attention, but the sparkling water held her strong green eyes. "So many Europeans know English, though."

She saw the boat rise high into the air one last time as the train moved on.

The American began a question but withdrew the advance as the Swiss girl leaned forward and walked into the hall. She pulled open the window and stretched her head out, squeezing her eyes shut against the wind. She leaned back inside on the wall of the train and took a cigarette from her jacket. An annoyed expression came to her face as she searched her pockets for matches.

An elderly German gentleman in the compartment had been watching the girl since Lubeck. He reached into his overcoat for a cracked, black leather tobacco pouch and a box of wooden matches. He got up slowly, but with a great effort for a man his age, and he stepped into the hallway to help the girl. Then he pulled a seat from the wall and sat down with his tobacco and a rolling paper.

Inside the compartment the American could hear them speaking. Her voice, using without effort a language which was meaningless to him, silenced the rattle of the train. He strained to hear it all through the opened door.

The old man looked excited to the point of reticence. He stuttered with his cautious words but never lost his smile. The girl was friendly in her exchange, as though he were a grandfather. After they had finished their cigarettes, they remained in the hallway talking and looking through the window at the Danish farmland. The American's attention was still fixed on the voice.

The early evening sun glared over the fields into the train. A short oriental woman, who had been nibbling on cheese since almost Hamburg, pulled the curtain over the door to shade her eyes. The Swiss girl was still talking; the American was still listening.

He could no longer see her in the hall, but the voice was a strong enough sensation to keep his nerves firing. He remembered the Alps in Austria: how he strained his eyes through the clouds to absorb the whole scene and never forget how beautiful it was.

He heard her say it again.

"Nein, aus der Schweiz."

He closed his eyes tightly, sealing the sound for a time when trains or tremors or voices would not let him rest.

Then he decided to go on to Sweden.



FABLE

Once, a moth of delicate size
and membranous wings,
multi-colored like Tiffany glass,
was trapped in the house
and died unseen on the window sill
while struggling to escape.
Daily its small remains were touched
by rays of light that slanted through the panes.
Unseen, behind the flower pot,
it grew lighter than the soul of dust
and faded, gradually, to pale brown,
with wings transparently thin.
Discovered in the autumn light,
it crumbled at my touch
like yellowed pages in a book
of ancient and unspoken tongues.
But late that night I woke to hear
a hundred thousand frantic wings
whispering, with delicate motion,
of cool darkness and transcendent flight.

LET US SING

let us sing from our hearts
that were empty when we shivered
in the cold place of fear

we sang before
in the crisp snug autumn
hand in hand

we sang to ease
the fiery pain of walking
for causes of human rights

we chanted in our last hours
in the bloody dakota snow
and now our souls

are ready for visions
let us sing

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THE CARROLL QUARTERLY

FALL 1980

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